And this his Lady trauelling toward VVales,
VVho for they lodg'd last night within my house,
And my Lord Byshop did lay waite for such,
VVere very willing to come on with me,
Lest for their sakes, suspition we might wrong.
Iud. We cry your honor mercy good my Lord,
Wilt please you take your place. Madam your Ladyship,
May heere or where you will repose your selfe
Vntill this businesse now in hand be past.
La.Po. I will withdraw into some other roome,
So that your Lordship and the rest be pleasde.
Iud. With all our hearts: attend the Lady there.
Pow. Wife, I haue ey'd yon prisners all this while.
And my conceite doth tell me, tis our friend
The noble Cobham, and his vertuous Lady.
La.Po. I think no lesse; are they suspected for this murder?
Po. What it meanes
I cannot tell, but we shall know anon:
Meane time as you passe by them, aske the question,
But do it secretly you be not seene,
And make some signe that I may know your minde.
As she passeth ouer the stage by them.
La.po. My Lord Cobham? Madam?
Cob. No Cobham now, nor Madam as you loue vs,
But Iohn of Lancashire, and Ione his wife.
La.Po. Oh tell, what is it that our loue can do,
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you.
Cob. Nothing but this, that you conceale our names,
So gentle Lady passe for being spyed.
La.Po. My heart I leaue, to beare part of your griefe. *exit.*
Iudg. Call the prisoners to the barre: sir Richard Lee,
What euidence can you bring against these people,
To proue them guilty of the murder done?
Lee. This bloody Towell, and these naked kniues,
Beside we found them sitting by the place,
Where the dead body lay within a bush.

Iudg

Iud. What answer you why La
According to this euidence giue
To taxe ye with the penalty of de
Cob. That we are free from mu
And know not how the Gentlem
1. *Iust.* How came this linnen
L.Cob. My husband hot with
His nose gusht out a bleeding, t
2. *Iust.* But how came your sh
L.Cob. To cut such simple vic
Iud. Say we admit this answe
What made you in so priuate a
So farre remote from any comm
As was the thicke where the de
Cob. Iournying my Lord fro
Downe into Lancashire where
And what with age and trauell
We gladly sought a place wher
Free from resort of other passe
And so we strayed into that sec
Iud. These are but ambages
And linger iustice from her pu
But who are these?

Enter Constable with the
Con. Stay iudgement, and rel
For here is he whose hand hat
For which they stand endited
This sauage villaine, this rude
His tongue already hath conf
And heere is witnesse to confi
Pri. Yes my good Lord, no
His louing master for the wea
But I vpon the instant met wi
And what he purchasd with
With strokes I presently bere